GAME NIGHT ON T-27

(Simply Scripts One Week Challenge January 2016)

Written by

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FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For two scientists isolated at remote research station, Game Night takes on a whole new meaning.

EXT. FROZEN PLANET IN DEEP SPACE - ETERNAL NIGHT
Cluster of small buildings, lights shine from the windows. A snow storm rages, wind HOWLS. Official designation T-27

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY
No frills, minimal, cluttered interior.
Dirty clothes lay on the floor, radio, laboratory equipment, two unmade bunk beds.
Two people in faded jump suits stare at a corn flakes box on the table.
JACK, male, 20s, picks up the box, looks inside and shakes it.

JACK
Well, this is it -- an empty box of corn flakes.

SARAH, female, tired and thin, raises her slender arm and makes a circle in the air with her hand.

SARAH
(with a mock gaiety)
Piss on ice and let the good times roll.

Jack tries to smile.

JACK
18 months ago, I was sure you’d be the first to crack.
(small beat)
You sure fooled me.

Jack picks up the box, studies it.

JACK
I was wrong -- you’re as tough as an old catcher’s mitt...
Sarah forces a thin smile.

SARAH
You big pussy -- You’re still the best man on THIS rock...

Jack grins.

JACK
I’m the ONLY man on this rock.
(small beat)
Tell me again why we came here.

Sarah sits down at the table.

SARAH
You remember -- We volunteered.

Still holding the cereal box, Jack chuckles without looking at Sarah.

JACK
And how’s that working out?

Sarah drops her eyes. Jack puts the cereal box on the table.

SARAH
Not so good.

A microphone on the desk CRACKLES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
Calling T-27 -- This is Base -- Do you read me?

Jack and Sarah get up quickly, rush to the microphone. Sarah picks the microphone up and responds.

SARAH
This is T-27. We read you.
(small beat)
Forget the lipstick I ordered -- Where’s the groceries?

Microphone HISSES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
We lost all contact with your re-supply a week ago...

Transmission breaks up and stops. Static. Microphone CRACKLES.
VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
We can only assume the worst and have launched a second re-supply ship...

Jack and Sarah look at each other in disbelief.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
They should reach you in about 45 days...

Sarah keys the microphone.

SARAH
UNACCEPTABLE. We ran out of food weeks ago.
(small beat)
Do you copy?

More static.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
45 days is the best we can do, over.

Sarah bites her lip, Jack curses.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY
Sarah steps away from desk. Jack picks up the microphone.

JACK
45 days?

Static.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
Sorry, that’s the best we can do. Hope you can hang on. Base signing off.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY
Jack and Sarah look at each other.

JACK
Sarah, we’re not going to make it -- are we.

Pause
SARAH
Maybe not both of us.

Jack looks stunned.

JACK
What are you suggesting? We eat ice and snow for 45 days?

Pause.

SARAH
No. We eat the only food source available.

Jack has a eureka moment.

JACK
OH, HELL NO...

SARAH
Both of us can’t make it, but maybe one of us can.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Jack and Sarah walk to the table, sit down.

Jack looks at Sarah.

JACK
How would we decide?

Pause.

SARAH
We cut for high card.

Jack nods YES.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Sarah picks up a deck of cards on the table.

JACK
(snaps)
Give me the cards.

Sarah gives Jack the cards. He shuffles, puts them on the table. Sarah taps the top of the deck with her index finger.
SARAH
(softly)
You go first.

Jack hesitates, cuts the cards. He turns his card over -- the NINE OF HEARTS.

Sarah takes a long look at Jack, cuts. She turns her card over and reveals the QUEEN OF SPADES.

INT. RESEARCH STATION T-27 - DAY

Sarah dressed in a bloody apron cooks something on a small two burner stove.

Microphone on desk CRACKLES.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE (V.O.)
T-27. Come on, how 'bout it?
(small beat)
This is re-supply ship Pop Eye --
We’re busted all the hell, but
we’re gonna make it -- ETA six hours.

Sarah stops cooking, wipes her hands on her bloody apron, walks to the desk, picks up the microphone.

She keys the microphone.

SARAH
This is T-27 -- Say what? Repeat...

Crackle.

VOICE ON MICROPHONE
T-27. This is re-supply ship Pop Eye. ETA six hours.
(small beat)
Meteor shower kicked the shit outta us-- took out our engines, radio and blew holes in our hull -- We’ve been dead in the water for over a week.
(small beat)
Made repairs with spit, wire and bubble gum. We’re now on our way -- Repeat, ETA six hours -- HOPE YOU’RE HUNGRY.

Pause.

Sarah keys the microphone, tears well in her eyes.
SARAH
We copy Pop Eye, T-27 out.

A very distraught Sarah puts the microphone on the desk.

SARAH
OH JACK, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

She opens a drawer, takes out a pistol, puts the muzzle to her head, pulls the trigger. She falls to the floor dead.

FADE OUT.